

WAR CRY



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THE WESTERN PROVINCE.

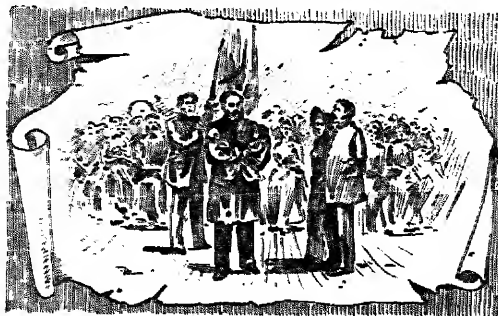
BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

VICTORY IN THE WEST!

Brigadier Margetts Reports a Hallelujah Tour. Sinners Getting Converted and Soldiers Sanctified.

WILLIAM AND PEARL DEDICATED.

A Splendid Budget of Soul-Saving News.



THE ROCKIES.



THE officers and cadets who are stationed in Winnipeg, and I, spent a most happy and profitable hour and a half together in prayer and counsel, the day previous to my DEPARTURE for the present trip. God drew near unto us, inspiring our souls with fresh faith and zeal, to make our efforts more effectual in pulling men out of the fire.

We also took advantage of the few minutes' stay at the Fortage, Carberry, and Brandon depots, to get a chat in the intervals of the war, and say "God bless you" to our comrades, Westcott, Captain Smith, and Adjutant Magee, who are still planning and pushing away to upset the devil's kingdom.

Arrived Mousoun 5:30 p.m. Looked up and down the depot platform two or three times, hoping to see a Salvationist of any description. Not one to be seen. Went direct to the barracks, which was dark and empty. HUSTLED up the Officers' quarters, to find no one at home. Tried to effect an entrance at doors both in front and at rear of building, but to no purpose. After some more searching, found Captain Flaws and the "faithful few" just at the tail end of a

COTTAGE PRAYER MEETING.

Just in time to give my testimony and have a word of prayer, etc., with them. Had a nice time the following night, but on account of having to catch the train our meeting was somewhat spoiled.

COTTAGE MEETINGS. Why don't we do more in this line? Many a sinner has been convicted, many a soul saved, and many a saint sanctified as the direct or indirect result of red-hot cottage meetings. I am hoping to hear of something being accomplished in this way before many days have passed by, and am

believing to introduce some of these useful gatherings before I finish this trip.

Trains arrived on time at MOORE JAN-4 a.m. Had a good time here. TWO BROTHERS volunteered for salvation. One home, at least, is all the happier for that meeting, for he is not brother E—been praying and longing to see his wife converted for some time past, and did not see the Lord on this occasion either. I was rejoiced also to hear that they had had TWO SOULS during the week previous.

We have been trying for a long time to get an opening at REXBURG. Our kind and faithful Brother Debbia has been on the alert, and was down at the depot at 1 a.m., to bring us the latest news.

BROTHER AND SISTER DOWLES, late of Westville, N.C., but now of Medicine Hat, were also at that station two nights afterwards about the same hour and on the same ground. God bless these kind and interested friends.

We put in Saturday and Sunday at Calgary, where Captain Cowan and Lieutenant Karp have recently taken residence. The band men and local officers were commissioned here, and I had the pleasure of dedicating to God and His Salvation Army war, little WILLIAM and FRANK DAVIES.

Three times I was placed with in the Calgary band.

1. They have improved remarkably in their playing since the last visit.
2. They love souls apparently as much as they do their instruments, and they certainly go for both with equal vigor with all their hearts. This is as it should be. Keep at it, dear brethren; hold on to the one and don't neglect the other.

3. They were most all in the regulation uniform; the remainder I hope to see in this very soon.

A few tough battles were fought, with our comrades here, not, however, without some good results: TWO BROTHERS RECEIVING THE BLESSING of a clean heart, and FOUR TRYING FOR HEAVEN.

A practical scheme was also suggested as a means towards getting a new barracks, about which something more is to be done at my return visit at end of February.

We heard the train at 1 a.m. for VANCOUVER. The ride through the mountains the next day was lovely. What sanctified eyes can behold that wilderness scenery without getting an enlargement of the realization of one's sinfulness while in this care? I have not time to describe those ever interesting sights, nor could I do the task anything like justice even if I had. These MOUNTAINS AND GLACIERS, and rivers and ravines, and forests and valleys, all arrayed in "beautiful colors" and a bright, warm sun shining upon them "with a bright blue sky, serves as a mine of instruction, wherein to draw for all kinds of instruction and inspiration to the soul. My Father's handiwork is great.

The snow at the Glacier House measured seven feet deep.

I was expecting to be met at Silman's Junction by Captain Jarvis and a rig. A wife to head, however, announced that a "rig is impossible," so I have to content myself with staying here from Monday night till Wednesday morning. Pen and ink will keep me going though. Thank God for the opportunity the Salvation Army gives one for working for Jesus one way or another.

A rather lengthy and urgent letter has been sent to every F. O., urging special efforts to be made during this month of February to make an advance in three items particularly:

1. Knee-drill.
2. Cartridges.
3. WAR CRY sold.

As the outcome of this we naturally expect a proportionate increase of souls. Why should the foot that the thermometer registers a few degrees lower at this time of year than at other seasons prevent God's soldiers from ministering to the needs of the souls of men? Does Satan withhold any of his strategies to destroy because of this? Has the service of sin any the less charm or attraction to the sinner because of frost and snow? Is the hall-room, or theatre, or casino, or exclusive party the less frequented? No, the foot of hell burn any the less furiously these days than others? Then, comrades, in God's name, let us and me get up more alive, and instead of indulging between the blankets, run faster to the meetings, use rubber tires from up a hill on the road leading home, let us pile on the fuel of prayer and stir up our zeal to save the souls of men around us by more determined, desperate and deadly conflict.

CANDIDATES. We must have more. It is so we are holding back any longer. The day is short; the night is near. SOULS ARE SINKING in sin. Devils are despoiling and snatching the best of the young and the best of the old men and women of our day; he is trying to get you, if you are living in disobedience to God's will. Disobedience, if continued in, will damn your soul. In the light of the judgment day; in the light of a HEAVEN,

BYING SAVED. When you are, every day, wronging; in the light of the influence God has given you, and for which you will have to give account; and in the light of a long, dark, and blinding eternity of hell fire; or a beautiful, happy, eternal communion of heaven's joy; what are you going to do?

We expect to have a four or five days' big meetings, embracing officers' meetings, hall-room gatherings, battles for souls, and half-night of prayer, about the latter end of March, in Brandon; and are believing that it will result in a large harvest of souls, sanctifying and inspiring men. Begin to pray about it. Officers and soldiers, will you? J. K. M.

Emerson Circle Corps.

We have had a long, hard pull, but it is a "long haul"—as the old saying goes—"without a turn." Thank God, we have come to the turn, and just as we get round the corner.

TWO MORE SOULS SAVED.

Glory be to God.

We had a glorious time yesterday at North and South Dakota. Full house. Sergeant Major O'Sullivan, from Canada, and also Brother Carberry, with us in the afternoon. They hit out from the shoulder, as did Brother White, and a lot of others. Now, then, let us stick to the main line; let our motto be the Brigade: "Pray your way through."—Captain WILL HENRY.

Carberry.

Lieutenant Gilman took Wellwood and Duncy's Brigade, and says he had good meetings. Sergeant Faller going with him.

Sergeant Major Davidson, his boy Jack, and Sergeant Livingston, went with us to Arizona to move things, and the result was:

SOULS WERE SAVED.

and we did three days' real, solid visiting, which brought abundant blessing upon ourselves, and helped upon the people. The Sergeant Major met with one who used to do the step dance to his victim music, but is now saved. The people were kindhearted, and God bless them, we are expecting to be there again soon.

Came back in a Manitoba Mirror, with some park, loved and better given to us. Expecting a big time to-night if Adjutant Magno and Captain Elliott can only get here, for it is blowing a terrific blizzard.—Captain BOB SMITH.

[Hallelujah! Tell us the number of souls next report, Captain Bob.]

Calgary.

I have been blessed since this morning. We had Brigadier Margette, with us on Saturday and Sunday.

On Saturday night our meeting was one of power. God did some great things, and I believe spoke very loudly to the sinners. Our bandmen and local officers were commissioned.

On Sunday, our knee-drill was a most glorious time; God's presence was very much felt. Hallelujah! Our hall-room meeting was the crowning time, when

TWO BROTHERS CAME HOME

again to their loving, Heavenly Father, Who, we believe, has received them again; and

TWO COMRADES FOR SANCTIFICATION.

Our afternoon meeting was grand. The religious spoke with great liberty and power. Praise God and the Lamb for ever. The people were brought face to face with things of eternity, and the salvation of their souls. The meeting was without any visible result, but I believe eternity will reveal a work done; for God says: "His Word will not return unto Him void." A glorious meeting of night, when

TWO MORE BROTHERS WERE WELCOMED HOME

by our loving Saviour. Our corps is getting on beautifully. Hallelujah! We have had one hall room reduced by one hundred and fifty dollars per year. Glory to God.—Sergeant H. SKELTON.

Captain Cowan had a grand meeting on Wednesday night, and the people responded heartily, bringing from a log of four down to a tin of preserves. May God bless the universal hall of Calgary, and save them, for they would make good soldiers.—D. R. E.

[We had a second excellent report from Calgary, signed "D. R. E." but of course could only use one.—Ed.]

Seven Seekers. Hallelujah!

VICTORIA, B.C.—Once again we can report victory and souls, seven having knelt at our penitential-furnace since last report. Great changes are taking place on all sides. Lieutenant Gooding has left us for New Westminster. A large crowd turned out to her

FAREWELL MEETING.

The Sergeant Major gave us his original fare-well which went with a swing, everybody joining in the chorus:

"Keep us ever true, Lord."

After the meeting, a march was formed

headed by the brass band, and Lieutenant was carried down to the S. S. Premier. We miss her very much, but pray that God will continue to bless her labor as He has done in Victoria.

CAPTAIN THORNTON.

For the past six or seven months has been "mothering" the Beacon Home, in order to marching orders for the East. Victoria soldiers and friends all wish her God-speed. May she be blessed and made a blessing in this, her new appointment.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

has arrived to take her place, and also open a Children's Shelter, in connection with the Beacon Work. We are believing that God will use her mightily in this branch of the work in Victoria.

It is in this spirit we shall have once more welcomed our "provisional Secretary" to our corps. These days' special meetings have been arranged, and wonderful times are expected. Look out for news in the coming reports.—ANNIE E. REILLY, Special Correspondent.

Morden.

The work is on the rise here. Hall full on Sunday. Two ladies enrolled. Platform crowded and one soul lost night.—Captain O'SHELL.

Prince Albert.

The Prince Albert Corps have to thank God for victory during the past fortnight. They have won THREE SOULS taken from the ranks of the devil and called under the Great Captain. They are trusting, and in faith believing, that these are only the forerunner of many more who will come to cast their all on this altar. Revival services are being held in the town at present, and are helping to show the conditions, which is such a spiritual and physical characteristic of this place.—T. A. MARSHALL, Special Correspondent.

A Grand Sight.

NEKEPAWA, MAN.—Free concerts in the Town Hall, these past two weeks, have seriously interfered with the crowds, but thank God they finished the night before the visit of our D.O., as then we breathed free at the prospect of a good crowd for the Adjutant, who was to be with us for the Wednesday and Thursday. The weather being fine, our leader, accompanied by Captain Comary, from Rapid City, and Brother Korte, from Brandon, arrived in good time on Wednesday. An enjoyable meeting was held in the evening; a fair crowd filled the barracks, and the Adjutant, with his aides, as well as the soldiers and comrades, were enabled to bring the realities of eternity before the people.

On Thursday, a sleigh load of comrades from Winchester (the outpost) drove in for the meeting at night. An enrolment of recruits was the announcement for this meeting. Twenty-one fell in line for the march; and with drums, brass band, and singing, made the people of the town aware that something special was on at the Salvation Army. The barracks filled up nicely as the meeting went on.

After the reading of the names by Captain Comary, and singing by Mrs. Elliott, the District Officer called out the names of the ELEVEN COMRADES WHO WERE TO BE ENROLLED.

Seven stepped to the front of the platform; the other four sat back in the meeting, or unable to be on the platform, wished to be enrolled just the same. The rules were read, and it was really a grand sight to see these comrades being enrolled on the first of the year; two of whom were of the converts recently saved at the outpost. Much conviction was felt in the meeting, and

ONE SOUL

was found at the penitential-furnace, whence he arose after a while and testified as to having received what he went for.—Captain JOE and Mrs. ELLIOTT.

Salvation! Hoorny!

Souls saved at WINCHESTER? Yes, hoorny! Truly the Lord has visited this place, and saved out His Spirit upon the people. Mrs. E. has been at the front in this outpost, and God has wonderfully blessed her efforts.

FIVE SIX-SIX SOULS

boldly came to the penitential-furnace for pardon, and

FIFTEEN FOR SANCTIFICATION.

during the week. In her visiting during the day, she was much helped and blessed, and was enabled by God to lay the truth plainly before those whom she visited, with the result of above. Several of these comrades have already answered their faithfulness to Jesus Salvation Army soldiers. May God bless them. What with the extra duty of so much visiting during the day and meetings every night, Mrs. E. was very much fatigued, but it was really a grand sight to see these comrades being enrolled on the first of the year, and God has wonderfully blessed her efforts. Glory to God in the highest.—Captain and Mrs. HENRY, Nekepa.

Stray Thoughts and Sayings.

COLLECTED BY J. H. MERRITT.

What a beautiful thought—though not new one—when the woman with the line of blood was healed, it is recorded that THORNTON surrounded the Master, but only the ONE touched Him with the hand of faith. As a result, we only read of one being cured.

Another thought is, this woman had to trouble to get healed when once she touched the hem of His garment, but the great difficulty was in pressing through the throng.

It strikes me that the same state of affairs exist to day. Among the hundreds who surround the penitential-furnace, and attend Army services, if we judge from the results, there are very few who touch Him with the touch of faith that causes virtue to go out of Him and heal them of their sins.

As a parallel to the second idea, I have often thought that in S. A. meetings the front seats are so monopolized by throngs of these hangers-on, who come to see that is to be seen, hear all that is to be heard, criticize all that can be criticized, that the people who are really anxious to find the Saviour are crowded into the back seats, and have to struggle to get to the penitential-furnace to be saved. If I was asked the reason so few strangers attend Army meetings, I would say it is because there are so many of this class who have attended so long, and stood so many hot Gospel shots that they seem to be proof against every power and influence, and therefore, they get right up to the front, and form a barrier to getting others saved. If you want to hit anyone else, you have to fire over their heads, and if you want to get anyone to the penitential-furnace, you have to drag them over their feet.

As a remedy for the above, I would suggest that officers and soldiers turn their guns upon this breastwork of the devil, and make it so hot for this mighty host of backsliders and hard-shelled sinners that if they will not get out of the way by coming to get saved, they will get offended and quit the building. In this way these hard shells will only be continuing on their journey to hell, as they are already doing, and their chains from the front seats will give us a chance to bring other people within shorter range of the gospel, and also make the way clear to the penitential-furnace.

I heard a nice illustration of the way some people trust God for their soul's salvation. A little child, who had been given a slip of a flower, planted it in the ground, expecting it to grow. However, having it there and waiting patiently for it to strike root and develop, the child kept pulling the slip up and looking to see if there were any roots sprouting. The result was that the slip died, and the child lost what, but for her impatience, would have become a nice plant.

Is not this the case with lots of young converts? They come to the penitential-furnace, make their sins, seek pardon, and receive the witness of the spirit; but instead of waiting till they grow in grace and in the knowledge of their Lord and Saviour, they get over-anxious and want to see the fruits before the tree has had time to grow. In other words, these young converts expect in a day or so to understand as well, and to be able to do and stand as much as a Christian who has been serving God in years. Paul said: "When I was a child I spoke as a child, thought as a child, and it would be well for all young converts to learn this lesson. "Till the blade, then the ear, then the full corn doth appear."

The same idea applies to the peace and joy. The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness is quietness and peace forever. If, then, a person expects to reap the fruits, he must first do the works of righteousness. I am afraid too many seek the peace of God instead of His righteousness, and thereby fail to find either. God will impart His righteousness to any and all who truly seek Him, and the fruit of His Spirit in ALL love, joy, peace, etc.; but He will never, indeed can never give to any the peace and joy of His righteousness without they truly forsake sin and become willing to receive His Spirit and do His will.

When the leper said to the Lord, "If thou wilt thou canst make me clean," and "amen" implied, not only a belief in Christ's power to cleanse, but also a perfect willingness on his part to be cleansed. The leper said with many to-day in, while they may believe in Christ's power, they themselves lack the willingness.



Notes of an Address
Book, the Chief of
St.

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feel like my little of
wife and I went home
upstairs into her bed
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look her up in her ear
said, "Marry, I have
to Jesus to night." I
looked up into her mo

"Oh, Mamma

So I feel to-night that
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"Abba, Father, it is I
Therefore I want to
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straight; so that we,
the world is placed to
and feeble, and full of
able to follow in His
might be able to ac
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His suffering for a
how about in our bod
death, and to testifi
give evidence by our
Divine love for a lost
Then, my dear comra
sisters, I tell you to
God's purpose.

He is Risen!

This is God's
scheme—what He o
own words, as being
highest end for which
eternal every soul
will acquiesce. Oh,
to it!

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of this sacrifice
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to be accomplished I
get the power to mak
want to make it. I
of your faces to-nigh
and in this photo to
could see in you a
desires to accomplish
the salvation of man
I have seen it there,
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ghts and Sayings.

D BY J. H. MURPHY.

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OUR HOLINESS COLUMN DEATH CONSECRATION.

Notes of an Address by Mr. W. Bramwell Booth, the Chief of the International Staff.

I want to begin by saying that I feel God has to use my soul a rich blessing. I feel like my little child. When my dear wife and I went home last night she went upstairs into her bed-room, and found our second child, little Mary, three years old, awake. She was kind of half-awake. She took her up in her arms and kissed her, and said, "Mary, I have given you quite away to Jesus to-night." Mary opened her eyes, looked up into her mother's face, and said,

"Oh, Mamma, it is Nice!"

So I feel to-night that I can look up into my Father's face, and I can say to Him, "Alas, Father, it is nice to be saved." Therefore I want to acknowledge before Him, to His praise and glory, that I believe He has given me a rich, big blessing in my own soul, and I will ask everybody to shout "Hallelujah!" for the blessing which has come to me—not for yourselves this time, but everybody for me! (The audience then responded with a shout.) Now you shall say "Hallelujah!" for yourselves altogether. (Another similar response from the audience.)

It is the Cross, now, that God wants to lead us up to. The scheme, the idea, the purpose, the plan of our redemption was not merely to accomplish the salvation of our souls—the salvation of my soul—but the underlying idea of the redeeming scheme was that He might lead us up. What for? To be followers of Christ. He was to be the first-born of many brethren. He was to tread the wine-press alone: He was to go to Gethsemane and Calvary; He was to be a man of sorrows and suffering; and He cried and agonized not for His own sins, but on account of the sins of others.

He was to be the first-born of many brethren, in order to lead the way, in order to make the road plain, to make the path straight: so that we, poor and ignorant as the world is placed, think us, and weak and feeble, and full of infirmities, might be able to follow in His footsteps: that we might be able to accomplish to fill up, doesn't it my I—to fill up the measure of His suffering for a sinning world, and to bear about in our bodies the marks of His death, and to testify with our lives, and to give evidence by our lives, of the power of Divine love for a lost and perishing world. Then, my dear comrades, my brethren and sisters, I tell you to-night that that being God's purpose,

He is Blessedly Able to Carry it Out.

This is God's idea. His plan, His scheme—what He has described, in His own words, as being the grand, ultimate, highest and for which He has created and redeemed every soul in this place, in this vast audience. Oh, may God bring us up to it!

I have been thinking as I sat here of this sacrifice—this giving ourselves for the salvation of others; how is it to be accomplished? How are we going to get the power to make that sacrifice? We want to make it. I have looked into some of your faces to-night. On the corridors, and in this place to-day, I have felt that I could see in you a longing and yearning desire to accomplish something more for the salvation of men and the glory of God. I have seen it there, to-night, while talking to you. I see portrayed on your faces, I read in your countenances, that you want to do something for this risen Jesus, for this Christ, this Man of Sorrows, who took the cup and drank it. I feel that your hearts are searched, and moved, and broken within you, with a longing desire to do something for a perishing world. You want to do it, yet you don't realize the power to make that sacrifice. You want to bear about these marks of His death: you want to fill up the measure of His suffering; you want to realize the power of His resurrection; you want to accomplish mighty things for the fallen and wretched through which the Divine electricity shall pass from the throne of God, and from the heart of Christ to the down-trodden, fallen, suffering, and sinful world.

How are You to do it?

There comes into my mind the recollection

THE WAR CRY.

of a sight I saw some time ago. I was visiting one of our soldiers, a woman with a husband and five or six little children, who was dying. I had known her a little when she was up and about. She was asked to go and see her, and I went. She was a good woman, a dear child of Jesus Christ; an honest, laborious, industrious child of God, who, I believe, so far as I had opportunity of observing, served Him up to the measure of light she had with a single eye, and did her best to promote the objects He had at heart. Yet she was one of those people that served in sadness. She served Him with every little of that abounding joy of which he spoke to us this morning. When she was dying they asked me to go and see her. I went several times. There was a good soldier with her. I went up into the small room she had in the east of London. At my first visit she seemed very sad and very quiet. I got very little answer to my enquiries about her soul, about her children, and about how she felt. The next visit she seemed still more gloomy, and still more inclined to doubt the power of God and the power of Christ to deliver.

and I said to her, "I see that our sister is in a better condition of mind to-day. How is it? What is the change? What has brought about the change?" "Oh," she said, "it was about two o'clock yesterday morning, when she got up in bed and had all the children taken up and brought round her bed. She gave them all to God, one by one; then she gave her husband to God; then she said to me, 'Now I have let all go, now I can trust my God,' and the glory came into her soul." I saw her again afterwards. She lived some time after that. I found no departure of the joy, and the peace, and the satisfaction, the confidence in the realization of the presence of God; the present realization of a burning light in her own heart that shined upon the darkness of the cold waters as she went over, realizing and triumphing in the power of the presence of a triumphant Jesus.

When I talked to her she said, "O, Mr. Bramwell, I don't care now whether I live or die. I have given my husband to the Lord; I have given my children to the Lord; they are all gone, the Lord has got them. I can leave them with the Lord,

real, literal, absolute, unconditional, of all our possessions into the hands. Alas, Jesus, then He will take possession.

Will you do it now? There are p. children, your business, your time. You man, we wait again. You, young woman, we wait again. We, do I say? Christ wants them! Young man, you ought to be an officer. Young woman, you ought to go to the heathen. You officers here, who have given God something, but have not given Him all. God wants all. Shall He have all? I tell you, it must be a real giving.

That dear woman had sung many consecration songs, been to many a holiness meeting, but she had not come up to the point of making a full consecration, and therefore she never had the glory, and peace, and triumph, and confidence, and victory that comes from the real yielding of ourselves, and all we are, to God. When you make that consecration, then the power to sacrifice yourself, the power to show forth the death of Jesus, the power to boast in Christ crucified.

The Power to Defeat the Shame,

will be yours. That is what made Jesus do it. He came to the death consecration in that garden with the bloody sweat streaming from His precious brow. His heart broken with the world's sin. He knelt on the ground and said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me—if it be possible, let the world be saved without this suffering—but not My will but Thine be done."

That was death consecration. And then He despised the shame, and endured the cross, because He saw the glory which should be revealed hereafter. Come, this is the accepted time to begin a new life of victory, joy, peace and power. God bless and help you! Amen!

The Abandonment of Self.

Selfishness is the very sap of sin. So strong and subtle is it that the spiritual life of the great majority of Christian men is enfeebled and weakened by its presence. Their very religion is adulterated by the mixture of this alloy with the precious metals of faith, and love, and joy. Do they pray: some selfish desire strives to be first in all their petitions, rather than the will and the glory of God, and they plead, "My will be done," when they ought to cry, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done." Do they seek souls: selfish honor and personal success creep in. Do they hear public witness to Christ: self lays claim to some of the credit which belongs only to the Bleeding Lamb. And recognizing that some deliverance from this mixed and wandering experience is a necessity of any abiding rest of soul, tens of thousands have cried out—

"Oh, hide this self from me, that I No more, but Christ in me may live! My self abridges cruelly, Nor let one darling habit survive. In all things as I will let me go, Nothing do I seek but Thee!"

This life of self and selfish desire, as it is manifest in those whose hearts are not entirely sanctified, will appear in its true aspect if it is placed in contrast with the life of perfect love and full assurance of faith, which is the privilege of every reader of these words. The life of self has its centre in the creature; the life of faith finds its central attraction and anchorage in the Creator. Earth and earthly joys and comforts and prosperities are ever before the one; it is the voice of the human crying out to be satisfied with the human. To the other, God alone appears sufficient. Faith sees in the fulness of God all the soul can need, and also seeks and finds.

The soul that lives the selfish life lives in an ever-changing experience. It attaches itself to the changing elements around it—creature good, worldly advantage, human kindness: these things change, and so the unsanctified soul goes up and down also—light and shadow, strength and weakness, the warmth and glow of love and the barrenness and coldness of doubt follow one another so quickly that real progress is impossible. In the life of faith all is fixed on God and His favor; all looks in the same direction, and as He changeth not the soul that no lives abides in Him, under His wings, in the secret of His strength, in the holy place of His purity and His presence.

And the life of selfish desire is a life of struggle and conflict. It must be satisfied by laying hold first of this and that passing pleasure or fleeting consolation. Sorrows sometimes lead the soul to God, but often to trust in some poor created thing, some broken cistern of its own, and all life is a weary strife. The soul that lives by

My Covenant.

I Promise I will be True. I will not betray Thy interests, or sell Thee for fame or gain. I want to tell Thee, dear Jesus, that Thou canst rescue me in sorrow or sunshine, loss or gain, peace or war, life or death. And I will also be true to my comrades. I will try to love and serve them as Thou hast loved me. I will seek to cover their faults and forgive their unkindness. I will pray over their weaknesses, and weep over their sins, and so I shall prove my love to Thee by the love I bear to my brethren and sisters.

QUOTATION FROM "MY COVENANT FOR 1894," BY MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.

I went the third time. This time I was so satisfied that the time of departure was at hand, that I felt I must make a determined effort to get some light and liberty into her soul. I prayed—and prayed again. Still there seemed to be so little response! She wept, her husband wept, the other children, which I had brought into the room, wept; the comrades who were nursing them wept, and we all wept together. It seemed hard; it seemed as if the light, so much wanted, did not come. I was puzzled and did not know what to do. At last I sent them all out of the room, and I had some talk with her by myself. I could not understand her, as she seemed to be in such difficulty about something; however, I prayed again with her alone, and left some words of counsel, the best I could give.

When I went again (the visit was the last but one I made), as soon as I got on the stairs which led to her chamber, the door was open, and I heard her saying in feeble tones, which yet were full of life and joy,

"Blessed be God."

As I climbed the stairs I met the nurse,

and it does not matter whether I get well, or whether I die." She triumphed, and went down into the river.

With Songs on Her Lips and Joy upon Her Face.

"Ah," you say, "that was a death joy, that was a death glory, that was a death liberty, that was a death blessedness." Yes, right you are; but what brought it? It was a death consecration; it was that blessed letting-go of friends, of time, of husband, of children, and possessions, and life, and death, and embracing the blessed will of God; and saying, "Lord, whether I live or die, Thy holy will be done." Now, what you want is to get the power to make that sacrifice. That is what you want; you need not wait till you come to die.

Our Jesus is the Saviour of the living. You need not wait till the fingers of death are upon your heart, and your time is gone, and nothing but the reckoning day left; you need not wait till then. You can have this liberty now; but you must make the death consecration; you must come to the end of yourself; you must make this



BAL BILL.

's Life and a
's Death.

Just, confident in His
try to sit on His Throne.

Wm. STEAKWOOD (Happy
Bill), who passed away
on February 2nd, lived
a glorious soldier's life,
died a triumphant sol-
dier's death, and re-
ceived a salvation sol-
dier's funeral. Some
nine years ago, our
comrade was a drink-
ard, overcome by sin.
Although of a happy
disposition, he could
not find any peace in
following his own way;
towards the Salvation Army
outside; Captain Lewis in-
to but few meetings, before
he was wounded and con-
victed.

He said, "His conversion
er, I remember it as if it
was yesterday."

He himself afterwards, said
as much of that happy, free
of God as in that of the
one for good spend far and
near.

and harassed by his work-
to them was a "Prose the
eternal." In the barracks,
he was so great that he
said, "The real of thy house
up." Or while driving his
rig, as he loved to call it,
he had a cheer-up for all
on his rig, he never got off
a red-hot salvation shot; in
a special salvation.

He said, he fell ill, and
circumstances, he did not
meetings as before. Since

then Very Low,
distance seemed to avoid any
became weather, and for the
was entirely confined to his
room.

He said, he was ill with the gloom
of a darkened with joy. Many
times he visited him; while some-
times as he talked to them of
what he was to see him, that they
were visiting him, he said,

from day to day,
hanged completely round.
It is the great A.

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you visit him?" Christian Julia
said, "It may be well for
him to see him, but we can only say,

of his death, I visited him,
as about to cross over the
bar, he being dead, yet speak-
ing.

He was very impressive,
as especially the Rev. Do-
n Phillips, spoke of his
the procession, headed by
d and corps, made its way
Comedry, where our com-
rade laid beside those of other
who had gone before.
service was well attended.
The good work shall bring
CAPTAIN H. C. BANKS.

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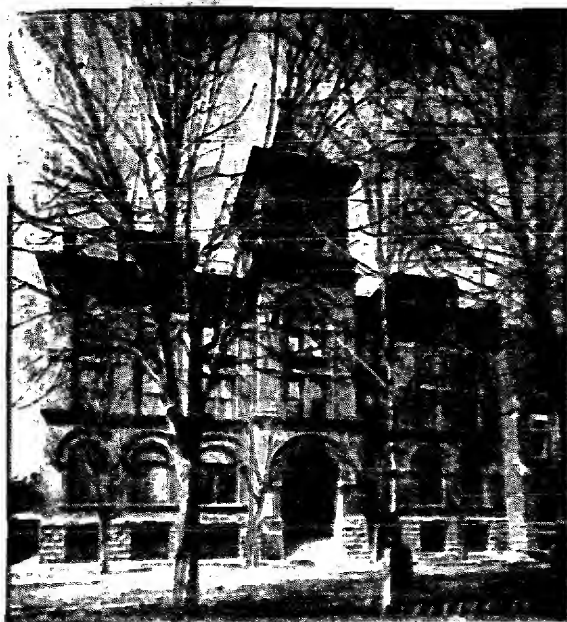
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Y. W. C. A. HALL.

SUCCESS!!

— THE —
Holiness Conventions— AT THE —
Y.W.C.A. HALL, TORONTO, CATCH ON.The Promise of a Mighty
Holiness Revival.

A LARGER HALL IN DEMAND ALREADY.

Commandant and Mrs.
Booth Lead On.The Y. W. C. A. premises on Elm Street
were crowded to overflowing on the Friday
evening of February 2nd.The meeting on the 10th was a glorious
one: much prayer had been offered before-
hand; and that always ensures power after-
wards.When the Commandant and Mrs. Booth
entered the already well-filled hall there was
a shout of welcome. A re-adjustment of seats
and we were all in shape for a real camp time.Ensign Phillips prayed that "every heart
may feel Thy touch to-night," and thehave been holding there during the Friday
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The object of the gathering was:

1. To bring all who are struggling to full
salvation into the real possession of a clean
heart, life, purpose and outcome, so that they
would go out people whose characters would
be a credit to Jesus Christ.2. To increase by mutual intercourse that
unity, fellowship, and love, we have for each
other.

3. To deepen the

Spiritual Experiences

of all. We all want to be better, to know
more backbone religion; more knowledge of
Jesus Christ; a clearer insight into God's
will, and grace to do that will.Concerning his address, the Commandant
remarked, God can bring life from amidst the
corruption of the tomb, why not a revival
here? We were advised to hasten our prepa-
ration outside the door.

Pickaxes

outside, prayer in, was to be the rule in the
meetings. There are conditions to the suc-
cessful issue of any undertaking, so there
would be to this series of meetings.Illustrated by an expedition to the North Pole.
Every person, from the principal officer to
ship's boy, must subordinate themselves and
their desires to the great object of the expe-
dition. There must be unity of purpose and
self-obligation to that end. So with us.Referring to an illustration previously
sent, the Commandant said: "When we are
of one accord, the great

Musician

of the choir, with a Master Hand, touches
the keyboard, and makes music to the hearts
of the outside perishing world.Then we were advised that we must let
conscience and conviction have fair play.
Any preacher in a court of law has the right
to claim an impartial hearing, and so has the
preacher for Jesus Christ.Following these preliminary remarks, the
Commandant gave an address on

"Real Religion,"

which was well listened to. He clearly
showed that it is not mere form and ritual
which is the key to salvation.Our work, if done for Jesus, will catch the
smile of His blessed face; but if done for it-
self—a mere work—what is it but filthy rags?

Thus

Mrs. Herbert Booth

rose to sing and speak.

The singer begs to apologize for so ill re-
peating Mrs. Booth's words, but really the
blissful, happy, glowing influence that
permeated the meeting from the start, had now
so increased, that one wanted to

Laugh Outright

with holy ecstasy, and about hallelujah at the
top of one's voice, just to be constant with
one's realizations.We jotted down from Mrs. Booth's open-
ing song:

"One sweet word, 'Thou!'"

Changing an idle sentence into heavenly harmony."

No doubt we ought to apologize to Ensign Jones
for saying so, but the very piano accompani-
ment seems to observe when Mrs. Booth issinging. Touch the keyboard very softly, En-
sign, in your next accompaniment, please.

Mrs. Booth

had been too busy with domestic duties to
prepare much, but she had prayed earnestly
about the meeting. Oh what blessedness
there is in Jesus; one look at God does more
for us than any age of companionship of our
Saviors. In the Army before are dedicated,
but adults must be dedicated too, and the
dedication must go all through life. The
text Mrs. Booth quoted for our edification
was Hebrews II, 22 and 23. "He is not a
Jew which is in name inwardly."He is a Salvationist who is in name inwardly.
God once deeper than the clothes. The Lord
Jesus Christ was down on those who have only

Externals.

He called the Pharisees more actors, and not
true men. Holiness is separation from the
evil. We do not need to know much; the
apostles were not all learned men, but they
became pillars in the Church through their
character. In the midst of her speaking,
Mrs. Booth, on the inspiration of the moment,
burst into song; it was a most lovely verse
that was quoted, too. The joy pervading the
meeting became intense. Although it was very
late (about 10 o'clock) the hall was still
crowded with people, and as the doors
were pushed open to allow the

Sweet Words

to reach those who could not enter.

The net was not pulled in in the usual way,
nevertheless an opportunity was made for any
who wished to dedicate themselves to Jesus,
and while the final song was ascending, two
young men volunteered to the front and
declared themselves fully saved.If the meetings continue to have in them
the influence that descended on this one, the
Y.W.C.A. Hall will be far too small.Will you, esteemed reader, pray that the
government of God may be manifested in the
meetings yet more abundantly.

JOHN COWLIN.

RIVERSIDE'S TENTH.

The Amazons to the
Front.

FINE CROWDS—SPLENDID MEETINGS

Number One and His Mate
Turns Up.

SOME FACTS BY "OBSERVER."

Sunday, the 10th, was a red-letter day in
the annals of Riverside's corps history. Ten
years had rolled by since the first tent was
erected here, and now they were celebrating
that event.Mrs. Brigadier de Barritt, Mrs. Staff-
Captain Jones, Mrs. Ensign Phillips, and
others were the privileged ones to take the field
that day.The holiness meeting was one of deep
spiritual worth, and we believe many hearts
went out after God at this time. The testi-
monies and readings were distinctly definite,
and altogether a most soul profiting time was
spent. Hallelujah!

AFTERNOON MEETING.

In the afternoon, two of Headquarters' staff
(who, for want of a better appellation, we will
call number one and two), turned up to give
Mrs. de Barritt and her aides a lift. The
afternoon march here has become

Quite an Institution,

and every Sunday the hearts of the poor
sufferers, who languish in the wards of the
General Hospital, are made glad by the strains
of our salvation music. This afternoon was
no exception, and although the marching was
anything but desirable, we went there just
the same.A well-filled barracks greeted us on our
return. Mrs. de Barritt led us off with that
old timer, of many memories,

"Come about and sing."

which was sung with

Great Gusto.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Jones having prayed, and
a song sung out of the Corps, Number Two was
deputed to lead the testimonies. Number
One smiled; but his mate did his best. A
lively chorus was then sung, by way of a pro-
liminary cantata, and then we had very little
trouble to get testimonies; all seemed eager
to have a say in the matter, among the num-
ber the first convert. Out of the

Ten Lepers Cleaned,

only one returned to give the glory—not so
many as the first convert.there were found not a few who had come up
to give all the glory to Him Who had saved
them, through the medium of our glorious
Army.Things had loosened up considerably by
now, and it was thought a fit thing to do, to
have

A March,

so off we went (Mrs. de Barritt leading)
around the barracks. We thanked God for
liberty and freedom, such as only He can give.

Number One

then read, clenching home the truth by an
incident that had come under his personal
notice. Captain May, of the Home of Rest,
next followed, with song and exhortation.
Then Mrs. de Barritt pleaded her Master's
cause, urging all to be reconciled to God
through Christ. After every opportunity
had been given, we closed without seeing any
visible results.The night's meeting was very fittingly pre-
ceded by a united prayer meeting, where we
claimed the wisdom and help to press home
the truth to the consciences of that large con-
course of people that had assembled.

Mrs. Jones read to us of the

Free Gift of Jesus,

demonstrating how willing God was to save.
Captain May's solo and appeal was quite in
line, and Mrs. Phillips sang to us that soul-
stirring solo,

"Oh, ever on to glory."

Number One was also in evidence, likewise
his mate. Mrs. Brigadier de Barritt's final
appeal was a strong one; and though we
wrestled hard and long for souls, without
avail, we left Riverside feeling we had done
our

Level Best for all

concerned, believing that at the equating up
time some will be found who were eternally
benefitted by our labors there that day.

NUMBER TWO.

MONDAY.

Riverside, having existed ten winters, and
as many summers, has just celebrated its an-
niversary. Captain Banks, who is in charge,
decided on having a banquet, and wise man
that he is, invited the Brigadier of his Troop
to be present. Of course, the invita-
tion was accepted, and the Captain July had
some transparencies pointed to that effect, and
also announced other officers, some of "move
in" fame, and others bearing the stamp of
Headquarters. "The times are hard, and you
can't expect to make it a success," was the
cry of more than one prognosticator, but read
what follows:

It is a Fact

That a good crowd came to the banquet.

That they were not turned empty away.

That they got what they came for.

That a table for the Janitors was heavily
taxed with good things.That the aforesaid table was not suffered to
be taxed long.That a march followed, and roused the
whole neighborhood.That about thirty children were on the
march.That the barracks was full when we re-
turned.

That it was a startling meeting.

That several officers were seen to dance
while we sang the second song.That a certain Brigadier was guilty of the
old accusation.That, on a fair trial, the platform could
produce more testifiers than the audience.That Riverside folks have, and can enjoy a
bit of Salvation life.That the Brigadier's appeal to backsliders
was most impressive and convincing.

That it was a red hot prayer meeting.

That two souls came out, sought salvation,
and got it.That another dance followed, and that
everyone felt the glory.

That God is blessing Riverside, and

That He will continue to do so if hearts
keep faithful.

OBSERVER.

CAN YOU WRITE?

The year before the introduction of cheap
postage to England the average number of
letters written by each person in a year
was three. It is now thirty-six. In 1839
eighty-two million letters were posted. It is
now more than one thousand two hundred
and eighty millions per year.

TESTAMENTS

At 50c, 50c, 40c, 40c, 30c, 30c, 20c and 10c.

BIBLES

Small, medium and large sizes, with and without refer-
ences, and Teachers' Bibles, at 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50,
1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.25, 3.50, 3.75, 4.00, 4.25, 4.50, 4.75, 5.00, 5.25, 5.50, 5.75, 6.00, 6.25, 6.50, 6.75, 7.00, 7.25, 7.50, 7.75, 8.00, 8.25, 8.50, 8.75, 9.00, 9.25, 9.50,

Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER de BARRITT.

GLORIOUS TIMES OF VICTORY.

The Brigadier and Staff-Captain Jewer on Tour.

Of course everyone has heard about the new Province—Central Ontario. Brigadier de Barritt has enlarged his domain with five districts from Brigadier Holland's domain and three districts from Brigadier Scott.

Naturally his first care would be for those officers who, under the new arrangements, would look upon him as their spiritual father. So a trip to Hamilton was decided, with a night at Oakville on the way. Accordingly, about five o'clock you could have seen three worthy Salvationists bearing the train at Union depot, viz: Brigadier de Barritt, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Jewer.

OAKVILLE soon reached our most Captain Hamilton and Cadet Rose rejoicing amidst great difficulties. The night was very rough, so a storm had been sweeping over hill and dale all the day; nevertheless, a good crowd had gathered to see and hear their new Provincial officer and his A.I.C. The meeting passed off very nicely, indeed: singing, prayer, and testimony bearing the truth in upon the people's hearts and consciences.

When the Brigadier read from God's Word about the humility of Christ's Gospel, I believe many were made to feel at once before that in simplicity, with sincere hearts, they must enter the new kingdom.

The truth was given in the power of the Spirit and must bring forth fruit.

A good prayer meeting followed; then a short soldiers' council, which was very helpful to all.

Next morning we heard the train, and soon arrive at Hamilton. We had prayed, and were believing for a real good week-end, and truly we were not disappointed. This city affords magnificent opportunity for Salvation Army work. A splendid band of soldiers, ready and willing to do anything for Jesus.

At 7:30 of we go for an open-air. Bandmen turned out with their cornets; they don't believe in staying in the barracks, so we had a band not present. Such a grand stand for an open-air! Hundreds gather to hear the message of salvation proclaimed by song and testimony. Oh, may we, whom Christ hath redeemed, sit no longer idly by, but raise His banner of love high in street and lane, until all shall know of the power of our Saviour's resurrection.

Some two hundred and fifty people were gathered for the welcome meeting. The opening song went with a swing, then we kneeled in prayer, and the song.

"We're the Lily of the Valley to you."

bursts forth from every comrade's heart; Ensigns Altham lead in prayer.

A song from the War Cry follows, the band playing. Then a lively testimony meeting followed, led by Staff-Captain Jewer. Were there any of those ugly gaps noticed when the words were given? I am sure, no; some ten and three on their feet at once to tell of God's love and power to save. It was so inspiring to hear one after another speak of what they knew and had experienced in their lives. Mrs. Jewer sang with appropriate accompaniment, people helping with the chorus.

"Are you working?" etc.

Brigadier again handled the sword of the Spirit; prayer followed, then separated; each one looking forward to the morrow's meetings, as we were to be reinforced by Mrs. Brigadier de Barritt, who was unable to come to the previous meetings on account of illness at home.

Some thirty came to the feast of love prepared for the King's own at 7 a.m. I was afterwards told there was one good brother present who had not been there for more than three years. I hope he may not grow weary, but continue in the good way.

The small hall was filled for the holiness meeting, which was a real typical one indeed; no stiffness to hinder the Spirit from blessing our souls. So many able to bear testimony to the fullness of the blessing. Brigadier and Mrs. Jewer were very helpful, and dwelt very forcibly upon it by illustration and truth. Then followed Mrs. de Barritt, speaking from her heart of the depths of love in cleansing and causing her to walk in the path of obedience, which is the path of victory and peace. Some

THREE DEAR ONES

wanted to renounce all sin and consecrate themselves to Christ by a living faith in Him, so fervent they came with her invitation. Were they disappointed? Ah, no; they came and went on their way rejoicing. Prizes God.

"Comrades meet at City Hall for the open-air at 2:30 sharp," the Ensigns came out. They did meet, and a grand time was realized. The afternoon meeting was beautiful indeed. The Brigadier gave an interesting account of the work in South America, when

he was in charge of that country, previous to his coming to Canada. The people were so interested, and I am sure will glorify in the time when their dear leader will be able to come again. One could easily see the people of Hamilton love life and spirit, such as is manifested by real Salvationists. They know how to sing, too, and as Staff-Capt. Jewer taught them the Gospel's new chorus the people caught up the strain most beautifully, singing it over and over again. The more they sang the more they wanted to.

A council with local officers and soldiers was commenced from six to seven, on all had to hurry from the afternoon meeting to get a cup of tea and be there in time, for many wanted to miss any of the blessings so freely given to all. Some

DEAR PEOPLE FOR CLEANING,

and two, who had happened to stay in, weary of holding out against God.

CAME TO THE CROSS.

Truly such a time before the Throne was the fittest preparation for the open-air and night meeting.

The people came early to get a comfortable seat, and before the meeting started nearly every seat was filled. The opening song,

"There is a Fountain,"

over: Ensigns led in prayer, followed by Mrs. de Barritt, after which Mrs. Jewer sang a suitable piece for the choir.

The band of God's Holy Spirit truly rested upon the minds, and the sinners just sat and drank in the truth that was uttered from the lips of those whose hearts God had touched and set on fire for the salvation of others. Brigadier read from God's Word, followed by words of exhortation from Mrs. de Barritt and Mrs. Jewer. Then the Staff-Captain pulled in the net, when

ONE AFTER ANOTHER CAME AND ENDED

at the feet of the world's Redeemer. Such a time as

TWO HUNDRED ABOUT

at the Mercy-seat. His brother, who had been saved by the power of God, began helping them into the light. Then there was rejoicing as one after another bore testimony to the power to restore the wanderer and set the prisoner free. One would need to have been there to know and enjoy the spirit of liberty that prevailed. Some chorused, some danced, whilst we sang the song of deliverance.

Forty-two meetings, in-door and out-door, were held from Friday up to Sunday night. The joyous meeting held between the hours of two and three was very useful and helpful. Brigadier had a very nice talk with the Juniors. One class was conducted by a sister of Captain Harrison.

We left Hamilton full of praise and gratitude to God for the way which He had helped us and in helping them who held the fort, and not only held the fort but daily forth attacking the enemy here and there, capturing prisoners for our King.

May God continue to bless and inspire your heart with courage, Ensigns Altham, and those of your faithful officers, Captain Frink, Lieutenant Dobie, and Cadet.

K. H. J.

Steven South.

TORONTO III. reports grand victories for the past week. June is the Conqueror over self and sin. How His dear name for ever.

SIX YOUNG GIRLS

came forward at the holiness meeting on Friday, also one and

THE PREVIOUS NIGHT; ONE MONDAY MORNING, THREE SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

Some of whom are on the march, speaking and singing for Jesus. Tobacco had to go, too, this time. When in times past, he had been a little piece in one corner of his pocket, God enabled him to give it up. Oh, for a clean sweep of everything. Yes, to come out boldly for the Master's sake. Oh, the need of every one being cut-out for God. How an acquaintance, a forewell tea, a farewell meeting and our two officers have closed at Linger Street. Our love is someone else's gain. We trust in God, Who does guide right. Amen. We tell it to Jesus, He understands all about it. Prizes His for ever.—Ensigns M. KENNEDY, Special Correspondent.

Glorious News of Salvation.

COLLINGWOOD.—Here we are in Collingwood. I arrived here on Friday, February

2nd; met at the station by Captain Brooks and a few soldiers, who seemed quite happy. We had a lively holiness meeting at night, and

ONE CAME OUT FOR SALVATION,

and is doing well. Praise God for ever. Saturday night's meeting went with a swing, as also did meetings all day Sunday, and

TWO MORE GOT RIGHT WITH GOD.

Both Lieutenant White, Captain Brooks, and myself are determined to give no quarter to the devil; soldiers, too, mean a proper lot, and they can dance like Newfoundlanders. This past week has been a glorious one. God has been very near, and

TWO MORE HAVE MADE A SURRENDER, and there are a lot more who are deeply convicted, and I believe will soon be saved. God bless you, dear Editor, and may you do much good in the land of the Maple Leaf, to which I give you a hearty welcome. Yours in the holy war.—Ensign D. McAMMONS.

Parry Sound.

We are praying God for the victory. Good meetings.

ONE SOUL AND ONE BACKSLIDER in the fray.—Captain and Mrs. MARKLE.

The Devil Defeated.

YORKVILLE.—Just a few lines to let Mr. Devil and the world know that soul-saving is not altogether a thing of the past at Yorkville camp.

Having arrived here to help Captain and Mrs. Garrett pull down the devil's kingdom, we put our heads together and said that something had to move, and, bless God, the devil has been moving out of people's hearts ever since; also our

WAR CRIMES HAVE MOVED FROM FIFTY-FIVE UP TO SEVENTY-FIVE.

(Halifax 1—Ed.) On Saturday night,

TWO MORE SIGHT AND FOUND PARADISE at the feet of the Cross. On Sunday,

TWO MORE PROVED that God could save from the guilt and power of sin; and on Monday night, being afraid of neither devil or devil's army, we marched out Captain Garrett with a big old-hill, Secretary Stevens with the big drum, your humble servant with the little drum, and Sergeant-Major O'Leary and another comrade marching behind. After a short open-air, we came back to the barracks, where we had a red-hot salvation meeting, in which

A BROTHER, THAT HAD BEEN DEAD WITH SIN SINCE HIS YOUTH, TOOK HIMSELF FROM THE BACK OF THE HALL, whilst Sergeant-Major was praying, and before long showed God's willingness to save. We are believing for still greater results.—Cadet A. McNEILL.

Barrie.

We have had ONE MORE SOUL yesterday. Things are hopeful for a successful future. God bless you. District steams again.—W. J. TURNER, District Officer.

Unbridge.

Praise God, the outlook for the past week has been

THREE SOULS.

On Thursday night

ONE BACKSLIDER returned to the fold. God came and blessed our meetings all day on Sunday. In the afternoon meeting, the Spirit of God took hold of the hearts of the converted, and when we went into our prayer meeting,

who the Spirit of God had been striving with for some time,

CAME OUT

and claimed the victory in her soul. Soldiers met in the evening for a prayer meeting at Zwickler's, and had a good time, and

ONE MORE SOUL RIGHT,

who had grown cold. Came to the night meeting full of faith, and at the close

ONE MORE CAME and sought the Lord. Many were under conviction, but would not yield.—M. LINTON for Ensign MYLES and WIFE.

Lindsay.

Victory is the signal this morning, on account of one at Knox-Drill.

ONE FORWARD

at holiness meeting. A rousing time at three p.m. A day, convicting time at night. Result:

THREE AT THE CROSS;

several others watched on account of their

sins; we shall have them I am sure. We are going in for 12:30 open-air meetings to different parts of the town. We are going to try about, and spare not. Show the people this also.—Ensign ATHER and Lieutenant CRAWFORD.

Midland.

Five a volley. Amen! The last ten days God has been blessing us.

FOURTEEN SOLDIERS

and juniors have been out for salvation, and while waiting.

TWO MORE

have prayed the publican's prayer. Listen and has not lost his Newfoundland way of expressing his joy yet, and on occasional days is indulged in. Some of the Methodist friends are hoping to see me get the dancing girl, too, but I always leaned to the Presbyterians, for I'm a Mac.—Captain MCKENZIE.

Orillia.

The five buses brightly here, thank God. The Holy Spirit has been working, not only in the sinners' hearts, but in the hearts of those who seek to follow Him, and

SEVERAL HAVE STEPPED INTO FULL LIGHT. We have had another week of holiness meetings, and they have been seasons of blessing.

TWO MORE HEAVY LADEN ONES HAVE COME TO JESUS.

and we trust have found the pearl of greatest price. We are in for victory for our God.—Mrs. E. J. WILLIAMS.

THE MODEL ARMY CAPTAIN.

(From the Darkest England Gazette.)

Major Harding, in one of his Social stories now running in the Darkest England Gazette, draws a character sketch of what one would imagine was his model field officer. It is well on the lines of "good will" Oh, for more of such healthily-toned spiritual leaders!

Captain Piper, the new-comer, was, in many respects, both a remarkable woman and a model officer. Here was the "pure religion and undefiled" etc., of the practical Samaritan spirit. Her conviction was that the manifestation of Christ's ideas and power in everyday life was

The Remedy for Social Ills.

Nor was she narrow-minded in applying her theory. To wash a dirty baby, so to speak, or help a drunken woman home was as religious to her as delivering an address on sanctification. Her weak point was perhaps a scant patience with sermonizing and high falutin addresses. The average, or above the average speaker, was abhorrent to her. "Talk, talk, talk!" she would cry, "I am sick of it. Take away your penny-farthing parables about the

blazing, and your tinzel-wooden anecdotes that you trot out to tickle the ears of the half-witted people who give you a half-crown and call you a wonderful evangelist! Cut it all away, for if you are not in touch with the sorrows and miseries of the poor, with the

Daily Grind of the Sweated Tailor and matchmaker, with the wail of starving children and the sob of broken hearts, and the ruin of human lives; if these things do not set their way into your innermost soul, and electricity your heart with the grandeur of a God given opportunity, of what good are you?"

Abandoning Tobacco.

Sammy Hides, the Mickfield blacksmith, one day gave sixpence to a poor widow. She blessed him, and could hardly find words enough to express her thanks. He said to himself, "Well, if sixpence can make that poor creature so happy, oh, how many sixpences have I spent in sitting my mouth with tobacco!" He made a vow, instantly, never to let a pipe enter his lips again.

Soon afterwards he was taken very ill, and a doctor said to him, "Mr. Hides, you must resume your pipe."

"I will not," he replied. "Then," said the doctor, "if you do not you will not live."

"Hush the Lord," then says Sammy: "I shall go to heaven. I have made a vow to the Lord that a pipe shall never enter my mouth again, and I never shall." He kept his vow and lived to be a good man.

Easter

BR

More Victories

Staff-Captain Telle.

I left St. John on the "Bridgewater," and crossed in my trip to Yarmouth. On the day I found things were lumpy than I expected, and I got more ride than I paid for, while being very sick; but we arrived safely, and I took the train for was met by Ensign Gage. Just some supper, then went to the was near the post office. Several sisters lifted up Christ to the ability; we had a very good everything went with a swing and in. Of course Captain's baby putting in the runs with h

At knee-drill, Sunday morning, twenty-two of us met to beget for souls. We commenced with one to the front right away, and turned up well all the poor girl not shivering and she knew she was a sinner, and of her sins, but she had made a sion in the church she belonged taught in the Sunday school, the church League, etc.; that if other people would think her a she listened to the voice of me to the voice of God, and went

fed.

In the holiness meeting

TWO CAME FOR THE HOLINESS MEETING.

MEANT.

In the afternoon we had a s Everything went with a swing prayer meeting, when the devil in who had a clingle off, and things generally by causing po his foolish actions, and thus t sinners' mind from their state a Sunday night the open-air was a day one; we had a good meet had a good crowd, and as the on it was easy to see the spirit had taken hold of many hearts. meeting we had the joy of seeing

FOUR SOULS CRYING FOR

one man and three women. man said he was so convinced of he heard Brother Allen's testi had to cry for mercy.

Brother Evans, better known was to the front in all the seemed to be so full of faith and to have ever been before. After Ensign Gage and I went to visit and after praying with them we and just as we arrived at the were greeted by a policeman, that Uncle Joe had just dropped the news. This was a great own home. This

Ensign and Captain Knight went and found it was too true. I funeral was arranged for Tuesday of this will most likely follow.

Uncle Joe was once one of drunkards in Yarmouth, and he had on the Sunday night, he had manhood, and he gave his testi God Almighty had done for his mouth seemed to have confidence although over seventy, he was a the organ, and seldom missed a had only missed about six or several years he had been a cold this should make some of our yo were determined not to miss Uncle Joe was an example to yo As I left Yarmouth, on the tra business gentlemen say Uncle Jo good life, and had gone home t they wished they were only e was. Prizes God, He is no respo and He is willing to save an those who will commit thei selves into His hands. If U been one of the greatest scientis the most cultured persons, he co had a greater influence. This great power a person might b persevering, etc., if they were dicated to God. I understand work

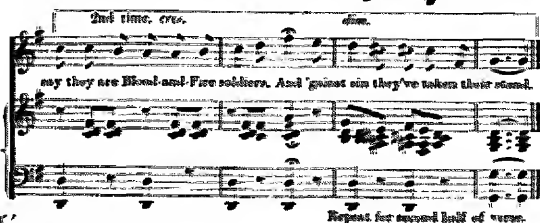
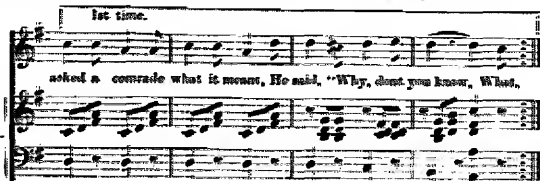
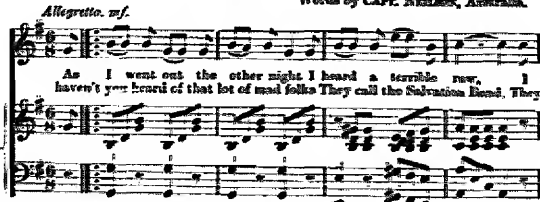
THE CORPS HAD HEAVEN

I arrived at DRENT and St Edwards had made grand arrangements, and had taken a special I was and a very fair crowd. Ensign Gage got in. Ensign I although Captain Gage assisted me under conviction, but we had understood. I was delighted with of soldiers at this camp, and Ensign Edwards is making a right direction, and has had

ward. Lieutenant Stieper, who

We Join 'Em.

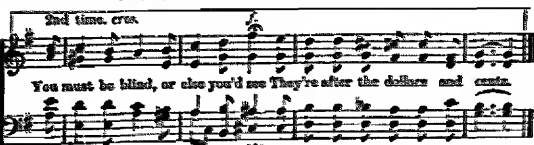
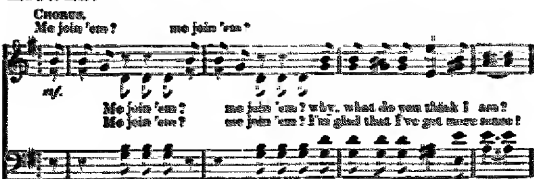
Words by CAPT. NEILSON, Australia.



Second half of verse.—

They're just going down to their open-air stand,
No, come, and let's hear what they say;
We followed them down till they formed in a ring.
The Captain told someone to pray;
But they sang, and jumped, and danced about,
Till I really thought they'd gone mad,
When a soldier stepped into the ring, and said,
It was only because they were glad.

Spoken:— I was trying to get a closer look at them, when my mate said to me,
"Don't you get too close to them, old man, or else they will think you want to join 'em." This touched my dignity. The idea of me wanting to join a lot like them. Then said I to him:—



I listened to what they had to say, intent on having a look.
When some one stepped right into the ring and told how he'd lived in the dock.
"But now," he said, "I live in the light of Jesus and His love,
Who left His glory and kingly crown to win me a mansion above."
I followed them down to their meeting place, the Captain invited me in.
I took a seat well up to the front, suddenly gave out a hymn.
They sang it thro' 'mid clapping of hands, a Godlier lot than in prayer,
And prayed for me in such a way that I could do nothing but stare.

Spoken:— My mate gave me a dig in the ribs and said: "My word, old man they have got you set." I said to him: "It's little I trouble about that lot." Said he: "Why, wouldn't you join 'em?" You should have seen the look I gave him as, I said:—Me join 'em, etc.

I wished that meeting would come to an end. I didn't like to go out,
My conscience told me I was wrong, and I ought to turn round about.
The Spirit strove with me so strong, I felt that I was lost,
So I took up my cross; determined to have salvation whatever it cost.
Then the Captain came and pointed me to the Lamb that was slain on the tree;
I sensed by faith the promise of God—salvation full and free.
I rose to my feet a new made man, with the knowledge of sins forgiven,
I threw in my lot with the many crew, and now I am going to Heaven.

And I've joined 'em. I've joined 'em,
My sins are all forgiven.
I've joined 'em. I've joined 'em,
I'm on my way to Heaven.
For Jesus new I'll live and die,
And tell out the story of love.
Now He left His glory and kingly crown,

Contents of this Issue.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE (Illustrated).
DEATH CONSECRATION, by the Chief of Staff.
MR. STENGER WALKING INTERVIEWED.
"CRIMINAL BILL."
CHURCHMAN AND MRS. BOOTH AT THE
Y. W. C. A.
MISS BOOTH AT INCURABLES HOME.
GIVE US WORLD'S "CRYS."
SOCIAL REVOLUTION.
"MR. JOCK" MEET!
EPIGRAMS.
NOTES FROM THE TROOPMASTER.
SONGS OF THE MATHONS.
EPIGRAMS.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, Feb. 16, 1894.

ANARCHIC METHODS.

A recent issue of the Empire contains the following:—

The great Henry Irving is coming next week, and, notwithstanding the ethereal prices, patrons of the Grand and speculators struggled for hours to buy tickets, which the latter sold in some instances at \$15 per seat. That Torontonians can spend \$15 an hour while they enjoy themselves in a theatre in the best place that things in this city are not so bad as painted by certain politicians.

Another column describes a meeting of the unemployed at St. Andrew's Hall, and is headed, "Work or Bread." The following quotation being typical of the resolutions moved:—

Mr. D. A. Curry, in an eloquent speech, moved as follows: "That a deputation of unemployed wait upon the city council to ask them to set aside a certain sum of money with the object of giving the destitute work or bread."

From a third column we quote the following:—

London, Feb. 15.—A bomb explosion was heard just after midnight by the keepers of Greenwich Park, about six miles from London bridge. A hasty search led to the discovery of a man mutilated and groaning with pain on the hilltop near the observatory. His legs were shattered. One arm had been blown from his body, and he had been almost completely dismembered. As soon as he became conscious of the keepers' presence he begged them to help him or kill him. He became insensible within five minutes, and ten minutes after being carried to the Seamen's Hospital he died. English and French papers found in the man's pockets showed that he was Martial Poudrin, a foreign anarchist.

A hurried investigation of Poudrin's life in London goes to show that he was a member of a dangerous anarchist conspiracy. He carried with him undoubtedly the explosives which caused his death.

And there are three of the most prominently typical features of the present high civilization. It is a day of superfluous luxury and of painful poverty, with the crouching lion of anarchism in the background, vainly seeking by dynamite and other such physical forces to rectify the wrong. The wonder is, men do not see that the man who to-day would explode a bomb upon a lot of innocent, defenceless people, would to-morrow, had he the opportunity, become the oppressor himself.

SALVATION METHODS.

No! The cause of the wrong lies deeper in man than any physical force can deal with, and it is to the satisfaction of every Salvationist to know that, in seeking the salvation of the individual, the Army is taking the short and only road to the immediate and permanent cure of the world's aching heart of trouble. Selfishness is the pregnant root of every modern social ill; but every man, who gets properly saved, at once ceases to live from the self

centre; on the contrary, his centre of moral gravity becomes the Lord Jesus Christ.

Here is Bill Sikes, the boozier; for years he has lived to gratify his selfish appetite for drink. To gain that end, he has repeatedly robbed his unfortunate wife and ill-clad children of the very necessities of life. From the place where he stands to the horizon all around, he sees value in nothing, only as it ministers to him. But Bill Sikes gets saved. At once all is changed. His own domestic circle first reaps the benefit. From the home, the change radiates outward as far as his influence reaches. The rule of his life is, "Do to others as I would they should do to me." He is rectified as a husband, a father, a citizen. If the misled Poudrin had but yielded to the urging of the Divine Spirit, which in common with all he once had, he might to-day have been in right relationship himself with God and man, instead of lying shattered through the deadly explosive he designed for others, and at the Great Reckoning Day in the Morning of Eternity, he would probably have been found with a balance on the right side, instead of being a bankrupt there.

SALVATION RESULTS.

The Salvation Army has now a network of Social operations in full swing throughout the world, all of which are subordinate, and auxiliary to the real goal at which it aims, viz., the salvation of each individual soul. When Mrs. Herbert Booth, in addressing two thousand of the women of Toronto, at the Countess of Aberdeen's recent meeting, spoke of the Army's Social Work here in Toronto, viz., the Wolf's Home, for friendless children; the Rescued 'Meters' Home, for fallen women; the Poor Women's Hotel, on Albert Street; the information came as a revelation to many, and elicited hearty expressions of approval. We refer our readers to the weekly pages of the War Cry for further information; but we can assure every reader, that wherever the red garment and Salvation blue of the Army is worn, there an earnest and LARGELY SUCCESSFUL attempt is being made to deal with the great problems, that from statesmen downward, vex the mind to-day.

EYES FRONT!

Look Out Next Week

FOR REPORT OF
LADY ABERDEEN
At the Pavilion.



MARRIED—

Brigade-Captain Henry Freeman (who came out of St. John's I., Nfld., in December, 1888, and has now the oversight of the Newfoundland Southern District) to Captain Becht Earle (who came out of Bay Roberts in May, 1889, and was last stationed at Hants Harbor.) At Harbor Grace, on Wednesday, February 7th, by Staff-Captain J. Becht.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.
Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

MR

The Home

BENEATH THE

"Sermons in Stone"

It is impossible to accomplish Mercy in their weekly visits Home for Incumbents without found admiration for the equally well-ordered government of institution.

Quiet Cheerful

in spite of the suffering; ever speak of peace and comfort a struggle in contrast to the the outside workaday world, the ministering succor cup or tea-tray; the kindly teen thumb and finger on dispensary; all these speak if not prevented.

Intense and Relentless

and suffering. Knowing little except through the League as of which she is one of its readers—nevertheless, for some has felt strongly stirred to do with us, until finally it was a commitment should take place.

In a certain sense the League the Commandant, Mrs. Booth to start the idea in its system.

It was no wonder, then, that looked forward to the little we believe is one of the most records of Army arrangements teaching of triumph through Jesus, over sin, and pain and

Knocking by the white protestant sufferer, in a voice solemn pathos, Mrs. Booth also the impressive words of the Around her also knelt the League, whilst "the flag with and with its

Lafayette Symbol

was uplifted above the head and our new comrade-sister.

It was difficult to restrain from thought of those whose words in the colors, had cost them even blood, in many a raging, hollow this sister's feet may never "march up the golden street."

And yet such victory, such like the very chamber of peace the little four-walled room, or by faith, the peacely peace of City, with its radiance of beyond compare. Instead of shell of dried red-roses for autumn leaves, one saw the light of the glorious summer coming where ever-vivid fields about withering flowers. Instead of

Rows of Stones

and minerals—that have been and woe-toll of many watch—was could only look at when those agonies were born from the mountains, or washed the stream, whilst all the time that up within that unpeeling the milky white of the rock what could we do but turn from the beautiful picture of the again of that country up there several gate was of one pearl of the city was pure gold transparent glass.

Oh, the color of that city

Oh, the color of that city

Oh, the color of that city

Oh, the color of that city

Oh, the color of that city

Oh, the color of that city

Oh, the color of that city

Oh, the color of that city

Social Operations.



The Lifeboat, Toronto.

"Keep clear the crying ones,
Lift up the fallen.
Till there be none,
The Ministry to Save."

Captain Frank Freeman, of the Lifeboat, writing on paper, containing the following list of branches of the Social Work here in Toronto:

WORKMEN'S HOTEL.
PRISON GATE HOTEL.
COAL AND WOOD YARD.
LABOR BUREAU.
SERVANT'S REGISTRY.
ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT.

gives us the following information:—

The Social Work is still thriving, both at the Lifeboat and in the Wood Yard. We sleep weekly an average of 630 men, and have given employment to about 150 men during the last two months in the Wood Yard, and we have had some good cases of conversion also.

One man who had drunk himself into sin, and got so scared he was going to die, called into God in his agony that He would not send his soul to hell, and offered us the door of his feet for ten cents to buy whiskey with, has got saved: yes, gloriously saved, and for five weeks has been telling what great things God has done for him. His face really shines, and the great and marvelous change God has wrought, is nothing less than a miracle.

As we talk to one and another, we find the sorrow has reached some, and we are believing for many more before the winter is over.

Oh, you, wasn't it grand to see so many of us marching down Yonge Street the other night to the Commandant's meeting at the Temple; moved and unmoved? No respect of persons are we. And didn't we look nice in the gallery all together? And would you believe it, they all fired a volley at the Commandant and Mrs. Booth's appearance? Did you hear that volley, Commandant?

Our friends are rallying up to our assistance in the handling line, and also in taking our coupon books to help the unemployed.

A lady writes us: "I have just heard of your system of relief, and it seems to me to fill in a most judicious manner a long-felt need on the part of those desiring to assist the poor. Kindly send at once a book of tickets."

God bless that lady, and help her to make known to others our plan of helping the unemployed! CAPTAIN FRANK FREEMAN.

The Farthing Breakfasts.

PITIFUL SIGHTS.

Increasing Crowds in the Brizzling Rain.

These interesting breakfasts have, during the past week, proved a greater blessing than ever. The cold, dismal weather has intensified the distress in thousands of poor homes, and through the wet mist and rains of early morning, thousands of the bedraggled and half-starved children of the poor have made their way through the squalor of slumdom, to the bright and cheerful Army barracks, there to obtain a little warmth and food, which in too many cases is, all they get during the entire day.

No less than 23,000 breakfasts have been distributed during the last week; but unless our friends help liberally, the work

must, we fear, be curtailed. Will our friends, therefore, please remember the poor starving little ones, and

Forward Donations for the Support of the Work.

Refreshing reports reach us from the various centres, where this good work is being carried on in connection with our London corps, telling of the gratitude which has been evoked from the poor starving little ones, for whose benefit the breakfasts were instituted, and the increased sympathy and support on the part of the public.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY CHILDREN AT DRURY LANE.

By the London Shm Secretary.

It was just after seven when I arrived at our converted public-house (the Rose and Crown), in Chancery Lane, Drury Lane. It was still dark, the street lamps were still alight, and it was raining a little, but already there was one poor little fellow, bare-headed and dirty, waiting for the doors to open.

At half past seven the doors were opened, and from then till just upon nine the hungry, ill-clad, unshaven and wretched children streamed in, until nearly 150 had been fed. And not only children, but several hungry-looking women came to know whether we could serve them with a breakfast. One of them on being told that the breakfasts were for children, only turned to me and said, "Well, brother, I'm glad to see you looking after the poor little 'uns."

To see the children having their breakfasts is most touching, and often brings tears to my eyes. The hungry looks and actions, the awful dirt, the plainly-written

Marks of Suffering

upon their faces, the ragged clothing, and, above all, the glint look of satisfaction that overpowers their faces as they eat their roll and drink the hot cocoa, cannot be described. It must be seen to be appreciated.

They can't understand why we should feed them on, and many of them sit looking at us in open-eyed, open-mouthed wonder.

"Fancy," said one little chap, who had just been in, to another who was standing at the door, "a big penny bun and a big penny mug of 'cocoa,' so' all for a far!"

The following speak for themselves:—
"Oh, sister," said a ten-year-old girl, as she left, after a good breakfast, "I feel nearly busting."

"Ah," remarked a big boy in a patronizing way to a little one, "I s'pose they give you a lot o' brand and just a drop o' 'cocoa'?"

"No they don't," replied the little one, "you get a jolly big bun and as much cocoa as you can get outside of."

When the cold was very intense, and the snow on the ground was very deep, some turn mornings. On the second morning she met the Lieutenant with the remark,

"Sister, the cocoa I drank yesterday morning

Kept Me Warm in School

all the morning."

Some of the children are such little mites that their mothers have to bring them along. One of these little mites always cries to come "to t' Army breakfast" as soon as she wakes. The mother told me that she is the eldest of three, and she only looked about three, the mother herself seemingly not much over twenty.

One poor little lad had been round the door for a long time. At last I said,

"Have you had your breakfast?"

He shook his head.

"Are you coming here to breakfast?"

Another shake.

"Are you going to have any breakfast?"

Still another shake.

"Why don't you come?"

"Fence, sir, I've got no money."

"How's that?"

"Mother spent it all, sir. I can't get no father, and she keeps on spending the money in drink."

He looked so pleadingly at me that I let him in, although I only wanted five minutes to school-time. He ran in, drank the cocoa up quickly and then tore off to school, literally devouring the roll as he went.

We are believing that our friends and the friends of the poor starving children are going to help us to keep these breakfasts going for many weeks yet; but we must have the money to do this.

Please Send Your Donations Quickly!

SHADWELL.

Bootless, hatless, coatless, is the condition of the little mites that attend our farthing breakfasts at Shadwell. It is worth the farthing to hear and see them crowd into our little steam hall. All are invited to come and see.

While visiting from home to home on Friday, I met a poor woman, who greeted me with, "Much obliged to you, miss, for giving my four children a nice mug of cocoa and hot roll every morning. My husband has been laid up for sixteen weeks, and my poor babies would have to go without food had it not been for your farthing breakfasts." Several other poor mothers also told me that very often it is the only meal their children get. Donations will be thankfully received to enable us to continue this much-needed work.

A MORNING AT MILLWALL.

"Nothing is impossible to a willing mind." Hence the farthing breakfasts have succeeded during the early hours of Wednesday in groping his way from the extreme West of London to Malabar Street, Millwall, via Fenchurch Street and West India Dock. Captain Pettit and her staff of ready helpers, among whom special mention should be made of Junior Sergeant Major Calvert, and an unweary band, who delight in washing the cups and saucers, and scrubbing the barracks' floor without fee or reward, are all "early birds," and unitedly they manage to "get steam up" every morning at about seven o'clock, for many of the children, who attend the breakfasts at this centre, have to walk long distances in order to reach school. On Wednesday, all wants had been supplied by eight o'clock, and a quarter of an hour later the barracks was empty. But a

Good and Blessed Work

had been performed.

The editor had received information with regard to the Millwall breakfasts in an encouraging letter from the Captain of the corps. "During only a week previous to the visit of our reporter, the barracks had been found over a hundred really needy children every morning. A great many come with very little clothing upon them, and no boots or stockings on. They wait at the doors long before the time to open them. When we look the tickets to the schools, the teachers hailed the movement with delight, and said how thankful the little ones would be. Thank God! we are also winning them to our meetings through the breakfasts, some of them children who have never been to a Sunday School before. We supply them with rolls, six ounces in weight, with currents. Some of them ask to take a little piece home to their mothers, who, with their babies, have nothing for breakfast. Among those who attend are mere babies, who are too young to walk, and their brothers and sisters cry."

One little fellow has been coming to get some cocoa "for his own strength." He says he has been ill, and that his mother is too poor to give him cocoa for his breakfast. This is

The Only Substantial Meal

some of them get all day."

Our reporter was not only able to confirm Captain Pettit's statement in every particular, but from enquiries made of the children at the barracks on Wednesday morning, and subsequently at a few of their homes, he ascertained that the movement of providing an immunity of good at Millwall, and that in no district throughout London, is there a greater need for these farthing breakfasts to satisfy the hunger of hundreds, if not, indeed, of thousands of poor children living in squalid dwellings—whole families occupying but one room—in this thickly-populated, water-side neighborhood. The number who flock to the barracks daily on the ships of roll on Wednesday, relief, in the shape of rolls and cocoa was dispensed to no less than 155. It is satisfactory that the funds have enabled the work to be carried on to so large an extent; but here, as elsewhere, contributions are urgently needed, so that more numerous cases may receive attention. The motley crowd of boys and girls assembled on Wednesday morning last, contained not a few whose sparse clothing and pinched faces gave abundant evidence of excessive poverty. And what bitter stories were related to our reporter!

A girl of thirteen, in ragged, holding by the head a dot of three, and having the charge of two other mites, who were ravenously devouring the rolls which their

They Fingers Could Scarcely Clutch, stated, with tears in her eyes, that her



father had had the misfortune to break his ribs a week before Christmas, and had not been able to do a stroke of work until two days ago. Mother had been taken ill, and had been carried off to the madhouse, and she, as the eldest child, had been obliged to do the best she could in looking after the whole family. "But," said the poor girl, "I have found it very hard and very trying work, with scarcely a copper to help me, and hardly any clothes to put upon the children's backs. Father had a sovereign some times before Christmas, and he has been making it go as far as he can. We have had hardly any food for days together, and these breakfasts are the best that we can get, and have been all that we have had some days, except a bit that aunt has sent us along."

Another distressing case was that told by a girl of twelve, one of a family of nine, whose father, out of employment, received three shillings a week, and a shilling's worth of meat from the parochial authorities, and upon this, with other trifles from charitable sources, parents and children, had had to subsist for the past month or two. Two beds "accommodated" the whole family.

The work at Millwall is full of interest and encouragement. The farthing breakfasts are greatly appreciated alike by the parents and children. Contributors to the fund may rest assured that the money, many women have been made glad, and many hearts lightened, and many appetites appeased by the introduction of this blessed movement into one of the poorest districts of the Thames.—*London England Gazette.*

(From the Philadelphia Weekly Press.)

THEY DO A GOOD WORK.

Salvation Army Methods Among the Poor and Oppressed.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Slugging the Idle and Lying, Feeding the Hungry, Clothing the Bare and Bringing Shm to the Streets.

The character of the work being done by the Salvation Army in Chicago calls out from the *Herald* a four column commendation. Some of the incidents cited and illustrations of life in the Army are copied:—

They often go into saloons and speak to the men gathered about the bar, or the stove. They are seldom troubled. Now and then an angry bartender orders them out, and when they do not go he will put his hand on their shoulder and push them out. But he is never brutal. Sometimes they get a foothold, they glory in having the mild reform. They then talk swiftly and earnestly for the few moments they may have. They sing if they think it wise. And they often

KNEEL DOWN IN THE DIST

and the sidewalk and offer up prayer. One night a man officer in the Army was going past a saloon when he heard the sound of women's voices singing within. He stopped a moment to listen, for the song was one familiar in the Army. Presently the singing ceased and low, earnest speech ensued. After a moment a rough-looking man came out.

"Who is it?" asked the Salvationist.

"I don't know who it is, but I'll be—he if they ain't good women," was his hearty though irreverent reply.

Sometimes they go to places even worse than the brothels with which their territories are filled. Here is an incident.

Night, in one of the A Salvation Army was engaged in conversation with a man who had not in y decent or honest thought and listened to the g She left her liquor v heard seemed to lov was like

A WAF OF

through the black hol the two were together had woman approached girl to go away. He v to the last degree all approved in such pla woman turned upon hi for his interference, dr declaration that "this then she cut their hal to the good words that

These girls can do m in the district than woman by any possibl are the friends of th something about the children and te gentle, simple, plain S they do many acts th not think of doing, y way to the hearts of th could not be found.

For instance, one went into a home were

RAGGED AT

She found them some Then she washed the better garments—whi clothing of happier washed and mended t aers. All the time simple songs and th tances. She was spee And when she went al friends.

Another time she s filthy floor seemed to people could by any i be better life. But known and scrubbed it having put the sooty talked with the we prayed with them, a them. She can go the to. And what is more she goes there now she cleaned.

One night after the rain Pruden's rooms, street, the converts Captain noticed a tear the man.

"What is the matte

"Oh, it's all right, trying to be cheerful.

"But there is some

"Nothing, only we to-night. Before we could always find som a saloon; but we can't don't want to. And we to do than to

GARRY TH

This expression being walking all night in d bed.

No the Captain was arranged for a shelter is the way the place started. They sleep th stay there in the day work or looking for about a dozen of the many of their kind w little head of convert place to sleep. And i for outside persons.

those who are believ worthy members of th lines drawn. But do

the conferred are rear the Salvation Army. I

you of that notion—an might be related.

Brigadier Fielding reco on the great holdi fore that event his of serving cases and w the dinner.

SUITS! PAI

GOODS

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SAMPLES ON

S

"S
inhabitan

Uni

BY EDITH F. MAJORS
TUNE—

1 "Some the
life I
I'll give God me
But this life's
bright,
That although
to-night

" No,
Altho'
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home,
While still Joe
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But he said : "
me,
And come time

" No,
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call ;
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" Low
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Oh, think of h
White pardon

" Com
Wh
Oh,

FOR

BY MRS. F. MAJORS
TUNE—

2 For one man
Of Eastern
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Sweet fr

God is good
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TUNE—

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Come wi

Songs of the Nations.

"Sing unto the Lord: for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."—ISAIAH.

United States.

TOO LATE.

BY EDITH VALMER, CORNWALL, WISCONSIN.

IT'S—home, sweet home.

"Some time," said the lad, "a Christian life I'll try.
I'll give God my heart before I come to die;
But this life's so gay, and the world is so bright,
That although I would like to, I'll not come to-night."

"No, no, not to-night,
Although I would like to,
I'll not come to-night."

He went from the hall, and he made his way home,
While still Jesus pleaded and begged him to come;
But he said: "There is plenty of time yet for me,
And some time in future a Christian I'll be."

SECOND CHORUS.

"No, no, not to-night;
Although I would like to,
I'll not come to-night."

Also for his brother—in vain were they all,
That night the Death Angel upon him did call;
His soul was required, and he must pay the cost—
He died with the words on his lips: "I am lost!"

THIRD CHORUS.

"Lost, lost, I am lost!
He died with the words
On his lips: 'I am lost!'"

Now sinner, dear sinner, do not tempt this late,
Oh, come to the Saviour ere it is too late;
Oh, think of his doom, and come and get right,
While pardon and mercy are offered to-night.

LAST CHORUS.

"Come, come, come to-night,
While Jesus is pleading,
Oh, come, come to-night."

India.

FOR ONE AND ALL.

BY EDITH VALMER, D. CUNIFF, CALCUTTA.

TEXT—In evil long I took delight.

2 For one and all beneath the sway
Of Satan's cruel rod,
The Christ of Calvary gives to-day
Sweet freedom through His blood.

CHORUS.

God is good, oh, bless His name:
He saves from misery,
Makes old hearts new, and holy, and true,
And keeps eternally.

It comes by faith on His dear Son,
This gift of love so good:
Open to all, refused to none—
So now no longer wait.

If in this world you to Him turn,
And serve Him with your might,
A rich reward you'll surely earn,
When faith is lost in sight.

South Africa.

SEEK HIS MERCY NOW.

BY WILL MARFIELD.

TEXT—Sweet Bible Mahomed.

3 Sinner, then art drifting on,
Every chance will soon be gone;
To the feet of Jesus come,
Seek His mercy now.

CHORUS.

Back to Jesus turning,
Claim salvation's blessing;
Freely pardon's offered them,
Come to Him just now.

Why speed on against the light,
On toward eternal night,
With the judgment throne in sight,
There to meet your doom?

Hasten to the precious Blood,
Come to Calvary's crimson flood;
God through Christ will make you good,
Come without delay.

A New National Anthem.

First English Gazette, 1800. AUSTRALIA.

Mr. R. Richardson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who recently visited the Ball's Farm Colony, mentions that in his youth he had written a short poem, which, in 1800, was a popular song among the sailors, and was nearly a century old. It contained a short poem, which, "and which he gave" and concluding:

Blessed mercies be
On the community,
Hard to endure:
But the poor workmen's pay
By tax in taken away
From the starry family,
God help the poor!

Great God, the poor befriended,
Let Thy right arm defend—
Thy strength is sure,
Aid us our rights to get,
And in our land maintain
Freedom for Englishmen,
God help the poor!

The Long Suffering of Love.



"Charity Suffereth Long."—I Cor. viii. 1.

It is a story recorded in Jewish books, that when Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God: at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and expelled him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was. He replied: "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee." God answered him: "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored Me; and couldst thou not endure him for one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, says the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.

"Go thou and do likewise," said thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

Australia.

ON BETHLEHEM'S PLAINS.

BY THE FORTY BLACKSMITHS.

TEXT—Christ is all. ("B.J.") 187.

4 On Bethlehem's plains, at midnight's hour,
An angel bright and clothed in power
Unto the shepherds called—
"Behold to you this day is born
In manger mean, of lowly form,
A Saviour, King of all."

CHORUS.

King of kings, and Lord of all,
He came to die for all;
King of kings, and Lord of all,
He came to die for all.

The heavenly glory shone around,
The shepherds stood on hallowed ground,
While angel voices call.

Glorious to God and blessings then,
Goodwill and peace on earth to men;
They praise His one and all.

Then in the manger near the inn
They found the Saviour, Who for sin
Was born to die for all.
Then praise Him they every one
To God, Who sent His only Son
To suffer once for all.

He spent His life in doing good,
And telling sinners how His blood
Would soon be shed for all.
He healed their sick, the dead He raised,
And deaf and dumb His goodness praised,
And then He died for all.

On Calvary's cross behold Him die,
The sun is darkened, and the sky
Is covered with a pall.

Oh, come and take a closer view,
He hangs upon that cross for you;
He died, but once for all.

England.

HOLINESS.

BY S. R.

TEXT—Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge. ("B.J.") No. 51.)

5 Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now;
Christ now waits to make you holy,
Breathe to Him your solemn vow.
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
From all sin, and self, and pride;
Venture on Him, venture fully,
Plunge into the Crimson Tide,
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Now from every sin be free;
Millions have received their freedom,
Surely He has died for thee.

Claim deliverance, claim it now.
Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Victory have through Jesus' blood;
Though the past has been a failure,
Venture on the living God.
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

SECOND CHORUS.

I've deliverance,
I have got deliverance now.

New Zealand.

WHAT AWAITS ME.

BY H. H. HEATLEY.

TEXT—Just before the battle; or, Turn to the Lord.

6 Loving Jesus, have I grieved Thee?
Tender Shepherd, have I strayed?
Have I, Lord, through sin displeased Thee?
Have I let my first love fade?
Am I but a poor backslider,
Feeling on the brink of sin?
The once felt joy, 'tis true, has vanished,
I have now no peace within.

CHORUS.

Will He heal the broken-hearted?
Will He set the prisoner free?
Must I die a fearful captive?
Does dark doom await for me.

Loving Jesus, oft I wonder
When I think of things above;
Something fills my inmost spirit,
Telling me I've lost my love.
O, let me be that I, a soldier,
Could so far in sin have strayed?
I am but a poor backslider,
I have let my first love fade.

Pardon, pardon, loving Jesus!
Speak Thy pardon to my soul;
Once again my vows renewing,
I am coming—make me whole.
Pardon all my past backsliding;
Holy power, dear Jesus, give;
Make me, Lord, a mighty blessing;
For Thy glory I shall live.

SECOND CHORUS.

Now He heals the broken-hearted,
Now He sets the captive free;
Now I rise to greater conquests,
Jesus gives me victory.

Canada.

OUTSIDE THE FOLD.

BY W. BIRCHIE, KINGSTON.

TEXT—He took me in. (B.J.)

7 I once was shut outside the fold,
And doomed to die there in the cold;
My garments were all stained with sin,
I cried to Christ; He took me in.

CHORUS.

He took me in.

For long I wandered o'er the wild,
Away from home, an erring child,
Till Jesus sought me where I strayed,
And now from all my sin I'm saved.

All my years of sin and woe
Are gone for ever now I know;
My soul with rapture now doth sing,
Since Jesus found and took me in.

East Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Great Enrolments Under the Blood-and-Fire Flag.

"Under the Blood-and-Fire flag,
Under the Blood-and-Fire flag;
Brave deeds have been done,
And great victories won,
Under the Blood-and-Fire flag."

Farwell Report.

PETERBORO.—After about ten months' fighting in the Peterboro' District and corps, orders came to farwell, so first of all I started off around the District to have a farwell meeting at each place.

THURSDAY is the last on the list. Saturday, Sunday and Monday, we spent a good time together. God blessed us in a special manner. Captain Moffat and Lieutenant Spriggs have done a good work here. On the Monday night we

ENROLLED FIVE NEWBORN.

Next place is CAMBRIDGE. Capt. Brockshire joined me here, and we went in for a real time of rejoicing; had a good crowd, and one young man gave his heart to Jesus. Captain Barrow and Lieutenant Wilson have had the joy of seeing a real revival in this place.

NEXT to ALBANYVILLE, the Indian village. We drove forty miles in the cold, up in a high wagon to visit this place, but felt rapid before the meeting was through. These people are very kind, and the fire is burning among them.

NEXT we came to NEWTON. Capt. Churchill and Lieutenant Wilson have had a hard fight, but they do not feel discouraged. The church and meeting were good, but no souls.

FROM here we return to Peterboro' for our farwell meetings. God gave us a good finish. In most

EVERY MEETING SEVERAL WERE CRYING FOR NEWBY.

The last Sunday afternoon we enrolled twenty under the flag. There has been an old-time revival in Peterboro'. Praise God, the fire is still burning. This is a proper Salvation Army town. God bless you, comrades; we expect you to be loyal, and to fight till Jesus comes. God bless Peterboro'; we bid you good-bye, and pray that God will reward you for all your kindness.—Eugene T. COMBS, Captain J. B. BURNHAM, Lieutenant H. CHAFFORD, C.O.'s.

Peterboro'.

We have got into harness here, and are 'in for victory, and praise God, we are having it. Yesterday was a grand day.

ONE OUT FOR FULL SALVATION in the morning, and

THREE FOR PARDON

at night. Last Sunday's converts are doing fine, besides the

SIX THAT TAKE OUT

in the meeting.

ANOTHER HAS WENT HOME AND GOT INTO BED, BUT WAS SO TROUBLED ABOUT HIS SICK THAT HE COULD NOT SLEEP UNTIL HE GOT OUT AND CRIED TO GOD FOR SALVATION.

He slept all right after he had settled up with God. He was on the platform last night. The soldiers here know how to give a fellow a proper welcome, and a blessing into the bargain. Eugene Combs has left things in good shape, and there is every prospect of a blessed season of soul-saving work.—Eugene ALLEN, MacDonald.

Port Hope.

In my last report from Port Hope, I was saying that there was a rift in the clouds. Thank God, this week we cannot only say that the clouds are breaking, but we can say of a truth that we have had the joy of seeing the clouds of sin washed from

ONE SOUL.

by the precious blood of Jesus. Hallelujah to the Lamb! God is indeed giving us the victory. Soon may any convert in Port Hope, but we believe in hand-picked fruit.—Captain SMITH and Lieutenant BUCKHARD.

Good-bye, and How-do-you-Do.

PICTON.—Captain and Mrs. Savage have said good-bye to their much-loved comrades and friends of Picton; but they (Picton) did not forget to give their successors a proper

good welcome. God bless Picton. Since taking charge,

FOUR SOULS

have been out for salvation, and

THREE FOR THE KINGDOM

of hellions. We praise God for this victory. Lieutenant Oster and Mrs. Fane in for greater. Hallelujah to Jesus!—M. C. KENDALL.

Six in the Fountain.

CORNWALL.—We are marching on. Saints and sinners are being saved. Praise God.

Thursday, the comrades had the pleasure of welcoming our new District Officer, Adjutant Taylor; also on Friday, Captain Bradley and Lieutenant Marshall. We are going in with our officers to work and live for God. Our meetings are well attended, and souls are being saved.

Sunday night, two precious souls came out for salvation, and are now rejoicing in a sin-purging God.

Monday, while the officers were out on rounds of visitation, a sister got saved. The barracks was filled, and the interest good. At the close of the meeting, three volunteered for salvation. Oh, it is grand to see the eternal God come forth to help us, and we realize more than ever that we have an object in life, and that it is to live for Jesus; that we may grow and be formed and fashioned spiritually, according to God, while here below. Yours for Jesus, —LIEBIE GAUTHIER, Special Correspondent.

Morrisburg.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." We have not seen much result from our labor during the past week, and yet we believe that there have been results that we know not of, for we see larger crowds at our meetings, and the people are getting more interested about the things of eternity. We have not seen that long-looked-for revival in Morrisburg, and yet we believe it is coming, for we saw one comrade say good-bye to the discouragement devil and promise to do his whole duty in the future. Pray for us that our faith fail not.—EUGENE WESTERHOF.

Montreal.

Our first week at Montreal has been a blessed one; we have enjoyed ourselves very much; best of all, we had the joy of helping

NINE LOST SOULS TO CHRIST.

and trust they will all be true to their vows. God bless them! Large are brightening up a bit. We are going in to have a sobering time while here. Officers, comrades, and soldiers are all in for a big time. Hallelujah.—J. S. MACLEAN, Ensign.

Napanee for God.

Blamed work of victory. Soldiers fall of fire.

EIGHT SOULS FOR SALVATION.

Bound to win.—SERGE HARR. JACK, leading.

Pontrebo.

The past week has been one of blessing, and God has manifested His power, the witnesses being there made out for the blessing. Sunday was a whelp-her-up time; soldiers getting the glory in their feet, and by God's help, danced

THREE SOULS

into the fountain. Glory hallelujah! Lieutenant BEN GIVENS for Captain CARRUTHER.

Point St. Charles.

Praise God, to-day faith Point St. Charles still alive, and going in for victory. A few

SOULS ARE COMING OUT FOR SALVATION,

and under Captain Holman we are believing for many more. The devil is not dead by any means; neither is the power of God any the less, as you will hear from us again with better reports than ever. Our soldiers are determined to kick the devil out of us. We never will give over, we never will give in. Yours for God and His kingdom.—W. GODDARD.

The Mitrailleuse

Speaking spiritually, "AT-RISK" and "DANGER," mean about the same.

The Gospel for WEALTH.—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter heaven."

SELF-DENIAL WEEK is attracting the attention of everybody in the United States.

A CHAIR MAKER was recently converted at Madison, and immediately gave up the business.

A Cleveland, Ohio, MUSIC DEALER presented No. 1. corps of that city with a piano.

A SAN FRANCISCO boat and shoe company has given the ARMY ONE HUNDRED WATER-TIGHT COATS.

"Our policy for 1894 will be the same as ever—ONLY MORE SO."—South African War Cry.

If you want to have power to lead others, learn to control the man who wears your own hat.

There is no virtue in doing what we have to do. Even the devil will behave himself when he is chained.

Yeast!—The dollars annually paid THE AMERICAN TULIP are 20,000,000. The dollars annually paid the American salmon, 1,200,000,000.

Of making many books there is no end. 4,302 NEW BOOKS and editions were published in Great Britain during 1893.

DISCREET REFORM.—THE SOFT AND FLAXY CLOTHS are causing the popularity of tea and bread-and-butter at Whitechapel.

The many people pick a convert to pieces instead of cherishing him. CONVERTS ARE KEPT, TEA, and old dresses, by Ministers.

A religion which costs us nothing, and counts in nothing but hearing sermons, will always prove at last to be a useless thing.

Armenian, Bengalen, English, Gajapati, Hindustani, Hindi, Marathi, Singalese, Swedish, Tamil and Turkish tunes are used in an Indian Divisor.

During 1893, in the English Metropolis, no fewer than thirty-one deaths were recorded upon which coroners' juries had passed a verdict of "STARVATION," or "Accompanied by Starvation."

Sir Andrew Clarke used to say, "The Divine scheme of life had no place in it for ALCOHOL, and that healthy people who drank did so, not for ability, but for sensual gratification."

This is how a correspondent refers to a SHEPHERD THEORY before her conversion: "One night her husband met her at the door with a poker and threatened to blow her brains out."

Wanted, World-Wide Imitations!—The Amsterdam Town Council have lent us a building for another Shelter, and sixty poor Dutchmen are profiting in consequence. The Burgomaster (or Mayor) has given £5 towards the expense.

The Cape Comorin BOOM MARCH victories continue. Major Jey's Kod's last telegram reports a splendid break, with two hundred sinners making salvation, thus bringing up the total to over a thousand!

The second number of the Cincinnati Search-Light (Major Combs, editor-in-chief) is a decided improvement on the first. From it we learn ELEVEN CHILDREN were recently saved at a Juniors' meeting at Cincinnati II.

Some of the field officers, who breakfast poor children each morning, have felt compelled to HELP CLOTHES THEM. The improvement in dress and count of some of the bigger ones, has resulted in their getting work to help the parents better support younger children.

In the first fifteen centuries of its history, there were 100,000,000 converts to Christianity. In the next THREE CENTURIES there were 100,000,000 more, but in the last century there were 210,000,000 more; that is, more in one century than in the previous eighteen centuries.—Joseph Cook, Boston.

The Printing News says:—"Those who are still sceptical as to the Army methods should peruse the report and financial statement for 1893, and note the PRACTICAL and COMPREHENSIVE MEASURES by which the Army seeks to set upon their legs and re-assert those who have been trodden down in the distressful fight for a subsistence."

A certain field officer, in India, visits every house in his village every day, and prays in each house. If the inmates of any house happen to be out, and the door shut, he keeps in front of the door, and prays that God may bless and save them wherever they may be.

Somerville doesn't want the Salvation Army parading the streets. Somerville must be a place where beer is sold and all sorts of wicked things are done, and the SIMPLE SELF-DENIAL of the Christian foot soldiers is not popular in consequence. Or, perhaps, there are too many lust singers with capacious aspirations in the ranks. That sort of thing, with ban drum accompaniment, is a trifle hard on the nerves.—Taunton, Mass., Gazette.

Trading the "War Cry" FOR THE "BUFFALO EXPRESS."

DEAR WAR CRY:—

I saw a request for WAR CRY selling incidents in your columns, so I send a few. Although we have no S. A. corps here now, we get a small bundle of WAR CRYS sent every week, by the sale of which we are "holding the fort," and believing to advance the kingdom of God on earth as well as in heaven.

Last Saturday I sold one WAR CRY in the first hotel I called in; the next place I called at was a barber's shop, and there I sold three more copies. In the second hotel I went into I found a news-boy trying to sell two copies of the WAR CRY; upon my asking him how he came by them, he told me that the young man to whom I had sold them in the barber's shop had traded the WAR CRYS to him for a copy of the Buffalo Express.

"God moves in a mysterious way," were the words that came to my lips, and praying for God's blessing on the sale which had landed off the WAR CRY for a worldly paper, I went on to the third hotel, where the proprietor's wife told me she couldn't buy a CRY because the weather was too cold. Asking God to warm her heart, I turned homeward, and called at the fourth and last hotel on my "war path." Here the proprietor, noticing my voice was hoarse, took a WAR CRY round to the people and asked them to buy, and bought one himself to give to a man who said he had no money. Two weeks ago a man bought a CRY from me whilst I was in the Central Hotel, and when I passed through the bar-room last week I saw the man again, and said: "I got a WAR CRY from you last week, and my name took a power o' good out o' that paper." Another man standing by him remarked: "I'm not a Christian, but I am going to be one some time, and I'll have a WAR CRY." Begging him to decide for God right away, I went on my way praising God for the opportunity He gives me of service, especially of selling the WAR CRY.

I may just have that my husband and I are members of the Methodist Church. My father, two sisters and a brother are fighting under the S. A. flag in the Cheley corps. Our youngest boy has inherited some of his grandfather's S. A. spirit, for he says he "wants to grow a real 'Salvation' and wear a red shirt." Gratitude to God for personal blessings was the reason my oldest boy (aged ten years) began to sell the WAR CRY a year ago. At first it was hard work, but now we have lost all thought of the cross in the joy of God's service. I always read the CRY through first myself so as to be able to honestly recommend it to the people I meet. God bless you.

THE WAR CRY SELLERS OF DUNHAM.

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HALLELUJAH !

About Brother Halliwell: "Peggie" away at his desk, writing out in longhand the names of all the soldiers who have been taken from detention after being told to be written out later on, one of Headquarters' workers man nearly always is seen adding to the already large number of epistles he has written. Since he started, some twenty-seven years ago, this good brother has headed the pen of a real writer in the despatching of something like 300,000 letters. Quite true, these have not all gone out under the Army crest, but they have been doing this for quite a long while. It is not as if he is not yet the Commandant. He is likely to send out, in the near future, 300,000 letters, and his secretary, Brother Halliwell, is the man to write them."

